The Lady's Monitor.

BE THOU THE FIRST OUR EFFORTS TO BEFRIEND;
HIS PRAISE IS LOST WHO STAYS TILL ALL COMMEND.
POPE.

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THE TRIALS OF ARDEN.

(Continued from our last.)

"WHEN arrested on board the packet, he gave various tokens of guilt. On being told that the young lady had been found dead, the question hastily escaped him, whether she had been found in the grotto? All these indications, unattended by any alleviating incidents; no different method of accounting for her death being even suggested; no traces of any other murderer being to be found; not even an attempt being made by the prisoner to explain, in a manner consistent with his innocence, any part of his conduct before or after the transaction, it was thought impossible for court or jury to hesitate.

"The sentence was anticipated by the public. Popular indignation was furious. Hitherto it had vented itself in execrations and insults heaped upon him in his passage to and from prison. More violent assaults seemed to be forborne, because they trusted to the vengeance of the law. The hall and its avenues were crowded by multitudes, who eagerly waited for his condemnation.

"The charge given to the jury was explicit. 'The guilt of the accused,' said the judge, 'is manifest. To recapitulate the evidence is of no use; you have heard it, and see the exact concurrence of every part.'

"Some of the jury pressed to decide immediately, without leaving their seats, but others objected, and a few minutes consultation was demanded. They went out. Their absence continued longer than any one had expected. Hour after hour passed, and expectation began to be impatient. At length they returned, and the audience was hushed into deepest silence. How was every one astonished, when, to the usual question, the foreman answered—*We cannot agree.*

"The judges were perplexed. They renewed their declarations of belief in the prisoner's guilt, and the jury were once more sent out. This interval was longer and more impatient than the other. Thirty hours were spent, as it soon appeared, in the efforts of eleven of the number whose verdict was *guilty*, to conquer the obstinacy of one, who declared that he would perish with famine, before he would pronounce the prisoner's condemnation. Finding this man invincible, the rest, to the unspeakable mortification of the court and the astonishment of all mankind, concurred in a verdict of acquittal. The verdict was legal, was unanimous, was positive, and persisted in, in spite of reasonings and rebukes. The prisoner, therefore, instead of being remitted to his dungeon and reserved for the gallows, was at full liberty and dismissed from the bar.

"But it appeared, in this instance, that mankind will not always allow their judgments to be superceded by the law. The popular decree is precipitate and sanguinary; and Arden, in withdrawing from the bar, fell into the hands of judges less scrupulous and formal. As soon as he came forth, he was set upon by an exasperated mob, and escaped with the most imminent risk of his life from their hands.

"Having shaken off the most forward assailants, the unhappy man (fear of death adding wings to his speed) betook himself to flight. Exhausted, and on the point of being seized by his pursuers, he rushed into an obscure house, whose door happened to be open. Hundreds followed, ransacked every nook of the mansion, and examined every closet and chimney, but in vain. Either he escaped by some unperceived avenue behind, or found some effectual concealment within the house.

"The popular rage, thus eluded by the chief offender, recoiled upon the jury who acquitted him. They were indiscriminately pelted and insulted in their way to their own houses; but the wish to exculpate themselves, and transfer resentment to its true object, made the condemning number betray Loveden, the refractory acquitter, whose person could not safely be trusted in the streets. In a short time menaces were noised abroad of an intention to attack his house by night. Being apprized of this in time, he fled secretly, and was not heard of for a long time after."

"I am anxious to hear more of Loveden. His conduct was very strange. Was there no method of accounting for it?"

"It was strange indeed. Loveden was a native of New-England. He came, at an early age to this city, and passed his youth in the mercantile service of Mr. Finch himself, who, on declining business, had contributed to the establishment of Loveden, by lending him his credit, and a large sum of money. His character, in all respects, before this unfortunate affair, was accounted excellent.

"His conduct on the jury was wholly unexpected. Indeed, it was imagined that his prejudices were of an opposite kind, and it was hinted to the prisoner, that Loveden's known obligations to the family of Finch, made it prudent to challenge him, but the hint was disregarded.

"His motives, whatever they were, must have been of wonderful force, since he could not but have foreseen the consequences to himself, not only in the total loss of reputation, in the estrangement of all his friends and associates, but in the peculiar vengeance of Finch. Finch immediately claimed his debt, and Loveden withdrew from his country to avoid a jail, and in a state of beggary. He left behind, destitute of all support, a mother and two sisters, young and helpless girls, whom he had, a short time before, brought from their obscure retreat in the counry, to partake of his prosperty.

"All the world hating and suspecting him, no wonder many a calumnious tale was produced. An event somewhat like this, and happening two hundred years ago, in which a juror persisted in acquitting a prisoner, and afterwards, in a secret conference with the judge, confessed that he himself had committed the deed with which the prisoner had been charged, was now revived, and Loveden was deemed by some to be in the same predicament, though this charge was made out only by such surmises and conjectures as any man's life might be made to bear."

"Well, Sir, and what, meanwhile, became of Arden? Some traces of him, I suppose, were discovered."

"Vague rumours flew abroad, but were merely rumours. Great discoveries were

likewise pretended to be made respecting him. It was said that Arden was a Jesuit in disguise; that he had been a spy in London, for the Catholic powers, during the late war; that he had fled to America, and changed his name, under apprehension of being punished. This, and other defamatory tales were current for some time, till at length new objects succeeded to engross the popular attention, and Arden ceased to be mentioned, till a new event occurred to revive his memory, and set this affair in a new light.

"About twelve months after the death of Harriet Finch, a fellow was detected at Albany, attempting to pass false money. Being apprehended and imprisoned, he was soon discovered to have perpetrated other villainies. A house in the neighbourhood of this city had been attacked and plundered at night, two months before, by a gang of villains, the leader of whom, though carefully disguised, was now recognized in the person of this criminal. He was brought down to this city, tried for the burglary, convicted, and sentenced to be hanged.

"Mayo, while under condemnation, disclosed the particulars of his past life. Fifteen years, it now appeared, from his confession, had been spent by him in a series of frauds and iniquities, seldom to be parallelled. Europe had been for a long time the theatre of his crimes; but at length he withdrew to America, as to a new scene.

"Here, having money in his purse, he advanced very high pretensions, and figured away in the most brilliant style. He formed some acquaintance with Finch, and being specious and addressful, insinuated himself into Finch's confidence. He was impudent enough to aspire to the daughter's favour; and this, joined with some sordid pranks in which he chanced to be, at the same time, detected, ruined him in the estimation of this family, and of the world. He sunk into contempt and insignificance, and was forgotten till he reappeared at Albany.

"He now confessed himself to be the murderer of Harriet, and to have been instigated to that act by malice and revenge, and the desire of concealing a violence previously committed on this ill-fated girl. The tale related by him, with all its circumstances, is too horrid to be repeated.

"This wretch was innured to every species of guilt. He was the slave of flagitious passions, and longed for nothing so much as for revenge on Finch, who had frustrated his most daring hopes, had treated him indignantly and scornfully, and had spared no pains to blast his character. The poor girl, though less culpable came in for a share of his hatred, on her own account, and was exposed the more to injury, as any evil to her was a two-fold evil to the father, whose happiness was wrapped up in the welfare of this darling child.

(To be Continued.)

Biography.

MEMOIRS OF

MRS. INCHBALD.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THIS momentary revenge imparted a gleam of transport as she quitted D—'s house, but by the time she had reached her own, her mind was clouded by dismal reflections, and her heart torn with bitter anguish. She found herself deceived, insulted, friendless and forlorn. In this unhappy state, she flew to Mr. Inchbald; to him she revealed her sorrows, and recounted every circumstance that had happened, not omitting the basin of water:—"But why did you so, my dear?" he cried. "Because I could not speak....if I "had not stuttered, I would have said "such things! but I could not speak, and "therefore I was obliged to do something, "or perhaps he would not have known I "had been angry; but I believe he now "thinks I am." Here a flood of tears relieved her, and she repeatedly exclaimed, "What shall I do? what will become of "me?" Mr. Inchbald, affected by her sorrow, endeavoured to sooth it, by mentioning other projects of introduction; but she solemnly declined all further thoughts of the stage, and requested he would propose something less humiliating than attendance on managers. "My dear," said Mr. Inchbald, "I know of nothing....no "situation where you can be secure, ex-"cept in marriage." "Yes, Sir, but who "would marry me?" "I would," replied he, with warmth, "but perhaps you "would not have me." "Yes, Sir, and "would for ever think myself obliged to "you." "And will you," he asked, "love me?" Here she hesitated: but he, trusting a sentiment of that kind would easily be inspired by tenderness and affection, and becoming, at this time, weary of a dissipated life, urged that question no further, nor suffered any subsequent reflection to frustrate the design he had that instant conceived, and in a few days they were married.

Thus, in an unexpected moment, and in an unexpected manner, our heroine became both a wife and an actress. Mr. Inchbald introduced her on the stage in Scotland, where they remained four years, and the two succeeding years they passed at York. Respecting Mrs. Inchbald's theatrical career, there is little to relate. Her defects as an actress, were generally forgiven in respect to her personal attraction; and by a most amiable private character she acquired the esteem of some of the first people in those places where she chanced to have a temporary residence.

That she well merited this esteem is particularly evident from a circumstance which we are now about to notice. From the day of his marriage Mr. Inchbald constantly evinced the most perfect, and even romantic attachment, love, and fidelity; yet was he never able to realise the hope he had fondly indulged of sometime converting into an affection, equally ardent with his own, that indifference which, whilst single, our heroine repeatedly confessed she entertained for him, and always when urged, possessed too little deception not to acknowledge. But a heart like hers could not remain insensible to the influence of that power, which, sooner or later, it is said, every mortal must obey; and she must have possessed a very high, and therefore a very proper sense of duty, obligation, and gratitude, to resist the attacks of a passion, which for some time had wounded her peace. Feelingly alive to every duty of a wife, unshaken in the principles of virtue and obedience, she opposed all the arts of seduction, though exerted by one peculiarly formed to inspire the passion which till that period had been a stranger to her bosom; one, who to high birth and an elegant person, added those accomplishments which rarely fail to make strong impressions on the female mind. Reason seldom triumphs over the struggles of the youthful passion without a sacrifice of health; and this our heroine experienced in a very extensive degree. The situation of her heart she found equally alarming. This was the crisis of her fate: and in this important moment she acted like a heroine indeed! She seized the desperate, though, perhaps, the only laudable expedient left her: Sincerity suggested the idea, and confidence in her husband's most tender love gave her power to execute it. She confessed to him the violation which her mind had suffered; begged his pity and forgiveness; and proposed to go with him to whatever place he should prefer, in order to escape a further injury of her principles, for which, she candidly confessed, she could be no longer answerable. Her health by this time was so much impaired, that the Physicians in

Scotland, had advised a tour to the south of France, as the only means of recovery. This advice was now adopted. The re-establishment of her health may, in some measure, be attributed to her distance from him, by whom her peace had been invaded, but more especially to the tenderness of a man, who, struck with the generosity of her sentiments, and lamenting the languishing and declining state to which she was reduced, repaid that generosity, and became, instead of a jealous husband, the faithful confidant, the careful adviser, the affectionate comforter; who not only pitied her weakness, but alledged every thing in her favour that could possibly extenuate it, and reconcile her to herself. He even urged the desparity of their years; he assured her of his perfect forgiveness; and consoled her with the hope that absence would effectually eradicate those fatal impressions which had proved so injurious to her health and her peace. Nor was the hope vain: our heroine conquered those impressions, and recovered her tranquillity.

After staying abroad about a year, Mr. and Mrs. Inchbald returned to England, from whence they had been absent near five years. They constantly avoided the gentleman who had nearly proved so fatal to their happiness, and continued to live in the most perfect harmony near two years, when Mr. Inchbald's death gave our heroine a new occasion of testifying how much she had "ever thought herself obliged to him," by an unaffected concern for his memory, and by a firm regard to a strict vow which she had taken, never again to behold the man who had once designed the ruin of her peace, and the injury of her husband.

(To be Continued.)

Travels.

STATE OF THE ANCIENT CITY OF JERUSALEM, IN THE YEAR 1797.

[From Browne's Travels into Egypt and Syria.]

I MUST confess the aspect of JERUSALEM did not gratify my expectation. On ascending an hill, distant about three miles, this celebrated city rose to view, seated on an eminence, but surrounded by others of a greater height, and its walls, which remain tolerably perfect, form the chief object in the approach. They are constructed of a reddish stone. As the day was extremely cold, and snow began to fall, the prospect was not so interesting as it might have proved at a more favourable season.

Mendicants perfectly swarm in the place, allured by the hope of alms from the piety of the pilgrims. The religious of the *Terra Santa* retain great power; and there is one manufacture that flourishes in the utmost vigour, namely, that of reliques, crucifixes inlaid with mother-of-pearl, chaplets, and the like. Yet the church of the Holy Sepulchre is so much neglected, that the snow fell into the middle; the beams, said to be cedar, are falling, and the whole roof is in a ruinous state. The Armenian Convent is elegant, and so extensive, as to present accommodation for no less than a thousand pilgrims.

During twelve or thirteen days, a very deep snow lay upon the ground. The Catholic Convent has a large subterraneous cistern, into which the snow melting from the roof, and other parts, is conveyed. and supplies the monks with water for a great portion of the year.

The best view of JERUSALEM is from the *Mount of Olives*, on the east of the city. In front is the chief mosque, which contains, according to the tradition of the Mahomedans, the body of Solomon. From the same Mount may be discovered, in a clear day, the *Dead Sea*, nearly south-east, reflecting a whitish gleam. The intervening region appears very rocky.

The *Tombs of the Kings*, so denominated, are worthy of remark, being of Grecian sculpture, and on a hard rock. There are several ornaments on the sarcophagi, or foliage and flowers, and each apartment is secured with a massive panneled door of stone. Great ravages have been made here in search of treasure. These tombs have, probably, been constructed in the time of Herod and his successors, kings of Judea.

At about the distance of two hours, or six miles, stands BETHLEHEM, in a country happy in soil, air, and water. The latter is conveyed in a low aqueduct, or stone channel, which formerly passed to Jerusalem. The *fons signatus*, is an exuberant spring; it is received successively by three large cisterns, one of which is well preserved. In coming from the cisterns, and at a small distance, is seen what is termed the *Deliciæ Solomonis*, a beautiful rivulet, which flows murmuring down the valley, and waters in its course some gardens of excellent soil. The brinks of this brook are adorned with a variety of herbage. Olives, vines, and fig-trees, flourish abundantly in the neighbourhood. The olive trees are daily decreasing in number, as they are sacrificed to the personal enmities of the inhabitants, who meanly seek revenge by sawing down in the night those that belong to their adversaries. As this tree is of slow growth it is seldom replaced. A more pleasing object arises in the convent here, which contains under one roof the different tenets of Latins, Armenians, and Greeks.

About the same distance from Jerusalem towards the wilderness, is the Convent of St. John, situated in the midst of a romantic country, studded with vines and olive trees. In the village of St. John and its district, the Mahomedans form the greater part of the population.

The mode of agriculture here pursued may be worthy of observation. As the country abounds in abrupt inequalities, little walls are erected which support the soil and form narrow terraces. Small ploughs are used, drawn by oxen, and it requires no slight dexterity in the driver to turn his plough and avoid damaging the walls. The soil, thus secured, is extremely favourable to cultivation. The breed of black cattle is, in general, diminutive. Horses are few in number, and asses, resembling the European, are chiefly used for travelling.

We may safely estimate the present population of JERUSALEM, at from eighteen to twenty thousand. It is governed by an Aga, appointed by the Pasha of Damascus; but he is allowed so few troops, that all Palestine may be regarded as in the power of the Arabs. The Christian women, who abound in Jerusalem, wear white veils as a distinction from the Mahomedan, who wear other colours. Arabic is the general language, except among the Armenians and Greeks.

THE REFLECTOR.

NO X.

..... He in delight,
Both of her beauty and submissive charms,
Smil'd with superior love,
..... And press'd her matron lip
With kisses pure: aside the devil turn'd
For envy; yet with jealous leer malign
Eyed them askance.

PARADISE LOST.

ALTHOUGH Milton cannot very justly be famed for his knowledge of the human heart, there are some passages in his works which evince him to have been acquainted with the general emotions of our nature. Indeed the poem of Paradise Lost has, as Dr. Johnson observes, "this inconvenience, that it comprises neither human actions nor human manners. And such is the original formation of this poem, that, as it admits no human manners till

the fall, it can give little assistance to human conduct." Yet limited as it is by this constitutional defect, in utility, it is far from being deficient in instruction. Where there is play for our passions, they are exhibited.

Milton seems to have analyzed pride in all its subdivisions and ramifications: and it was impossible that envy should escape him. Envy is the offspring of pride. Pride itself has many bearings and relationships. There is a noble pride....and a mean pride. A pride that disdains to stoop: natural in the first instance, but cultured and strengthened by reflection:—and a pride that will stoop to any thing, where appearances can be saved. It is not difficult to ascertain from which of these stocks we are to date the origin of envy, a mean and debasing propensity, at once the token of incapacity and malevolence.

A question has been here started, and it is not altogether incurious, "Whether Satan was capable of love?" Allowing the probability of the poet's description, it should seem that he envied the supposed happiness of our first parents; and it might very fairly be inferred, he envied because he could not participate. But to reduce our motto to common occasions.

I could never read the lines which are prefixed to this paper, without immediately recurring to my experience in real life, and deeming them applicable to that inveterate antipathy which appears to rankle in a great part of those who are entitled Old Maids, towards the youthful exercises of love. Certainly there is not a characteristic in age so completely unamiable in itself, and so injurious to the felicity of others, as that which would strike at the source of all juvenile satisfaction, and cloud the gay horizon of hope. This envious disposition in the old, augurs but ill of the youth of such persons. One cannot fail to suspect that, having poisoned their own springs of enjoyment, they are become haters of all pleasure in another. Or it speaks badly of their intellect. Their joys have been sensual; those senses are now torpid and nerveless, and existence has lost its charms....the mind has outlived the body.

These characters do not merely disclaim pleasure in their fellow-creatures; their antipathy extends to the brute creation. A dog or a cat are equally the objects of their abhorrence with the male and female of their own species, provided their communications with each other be of a pleasurable kind. But I would not be suspected of injustice, nor regarded as the distributor of indiscriminate calumny. It is not only in what the world call old maids, that this most hateful of features prevails ....They are a class of females, which in many things demand our sympathy, and in some enforce our admiration. The badness of their dispositions has, in a majority of instances, had no effect in keeping them insolated and oppressed. There are women enough, women who have known whatever advantages are attendant on matrimony, who are, nevertheless, envious of the felicity of others. Every comfort enjoyed by another, is misery to them. And they envy what they cannot acquire, or if acquired, are incapable of tasting.

As youth is the season of delight, and as love is that passion or sentiment most friendly to the opening visions of peace, we cannot be surprized that love, in itself qualified to produce so much happiness, should become an object of peculiar regret to those who can no longer retain it. Age is so truly caricature, when affecting the agilities of youth; there is something so irresistibly laughable at the first glance, and so justly contemptible in the consideration of an aged Cupid....the frivolity of seventeen, with the decripitude of seventy; that a combination of these absurdities, and such combinations are frequently to be seen, is the subject of instantaneous ridicule, and not seldom of lasting reproach. To the regret, then, which these persons must experience for departed joys, we add a spirit of retaliation for the ridicule, that even an attempt to regain them almost always ensures; and when these sources of uneasiness are thus viewed effectively and together, the degree of spleen they must produce will be far from trivial. The mind so affected will become adequate to its most determined purposes. Goaded on by the most potent, if not of the most malignant propensities of man—desire and revenge, there is every thing to fear from its enmity. It sees all things double and awry.

TO THE PLAINTIFF, NO. II.

MR. EDITOR,

BEING particularly struck with the deplorable situation of the gentleman who pleaded in your last number, I take the liberty to offer a few thoughts on his case, if I can possibly render him any assistance. Indeed I am almost inclined to place him among the list of incurables; but as genuine philanthropy ever has a seat in my bosom, I shall at least do him no injury, if I fail in the ministration of a remedy.

It appears to me the gentleman has long been pursuing a wild-goose chase, in seeking for satisfaction in *something new*. His conduct recals to my mind that of Diogenes in searching for an honest man, and of Rasselas in making his choice in life; the former of these was disappointed with all his scrutinizing philosophy, while the latter, after a fruitless enquiry for happiness, was necessitated to return to the spot from whence he at first sat out. Thus the unfortunate in question has been pursuing phantoms of his own immagination, and founding schemes which he could not possibly realize, or if he could realize them, they have proved too futile for the greatness of his expectations, and he has of course seen all his fair visionary prospects blasted, and his fairy edifice rased to the ground.

I know not how much the Plaintiff may have read, or what have been the volumes he has selected, but in my opinion, a man of refined literary taste may gain a sufficient fund of constant pleasure in perusing the solid productions of the press. Either his taste must have been puerile, or his judgment, deficient, if so, he is undoubtedly to be pitied, as in either case he cannot experience those delights which are concomitants of literary genius, he cannot dive into the profound researches of the philosopher, soar though the vast arch of expanded creation with the astronomer, tread the flowery fields of imagination, and cull the sweets of Parnassus with the poet; nor even can the soft sensibility of a love-novel afford him one emotion of pleasure. Prejudiced in his mind by the false axiom on which he has founded his ideas of happiness, *videlicet*, *something new*; he has imbibed an unfavourable opinion of life, and almost verging on misanthropy, he cannot even experience the joys arising from the melting passions of the soul; these in a great degree, soften the rigour of superficial reason, which seems to have overpowered his mind, and sweeten the bitter of life, though they make the mind more susceptible of those sorrows which are the attendants upon mortality.

Though the Plaintiff entertains no small opinion of the receptacle of knowledge lodged in his brain, and conceives he can acquire nothing more to which he already possesses, may I venture to hint, without intentional severity, that the fault may be in the shallowness of his pate, incapable of receiving any more supplies; since there is a certain mediocrity, above which many cannot arise, unless they use additional

assiduity, which the gentleman appears too much diseased in his mental powers to do; yet was he to venture a step higher, though he thinks he knows all, he would probably soon find in comparison he knows nothing; for I believe it has ever been the opinion of the *literati*, that men can never attain the pinnacle of wisdom; and those who have patients to tread the paths of literature, find, when they have arrived at the spot they intended to reach, there is yet more to amuse, employ, and astonish the mind, yet more to learn.

The Plaintiff seems equally unhappy in the choice of a wife, still deluded by the prospect of *something new*. If his statement is correct, he is blessed with *one of ten thousand*, and yet he is discontented. He has certainly married actuated by wrong notions. Had he consulted her mental qualifications as capable to have afforded him what he required, I presume he would not have been disappointed in the gift of Hymen; but he would always have perceived *something new* in her amiable disposition and manners; and mind being united to mind, he would have enjoyed all those pleasing sensations which arise from connubial felicity: but he who marries merely for *something new*, will soon grow disgusted with his partner, and pursuing this conduct through the whole of life, he will constantly find himself deceived, and while he becomes a prey to *ennui*, his fanciful visions will decay from his sight.

The only remedy I would therefore advise for the patient is, that instead of pursuing such airy bubbles as he hitherto has done, he would fix his mind on some object, or some situation in life, blest with the realities capable of making existence sweet, without pending on the brink of public *eclat*, or sinking beneath public antipathy. Fancy is half the contest gained, but that fancy being now jaundiced by prejudice, and set irregularly in motion, like a coloured, averted *obscura*, misrepresents objects, or, like a clock in wrong motion, falsifies the hour of the day.

I would also observe, there appears to be one object the gentleman has totally neglected to fix his attention upon, namely, *religion*. I am no deluded votary to any sect or party, fanaticism it a principle not cultivated in my mind, but I must really conclude, by the Plaintiff's declamation, he has been sedulously seeking after *something new* for the few years of his mortal existance, aud has let these years pass away without reflecting on the importance of *eternity*; indeed I fear he is tinctured with the principles of a *Voltaire*, or a *Paine*, men who, whatever claim they may lay to an astonishing portion of human reason, have most certainly, most lamentably erred in principles of far greater importance. Therefore while destitute of *pure religion*, he will never find solid satisfaction in any other pursuit, and after having vainly expended his years in the laborious and empty task of enquiring for *something new*, he must quit the stage of life with the same vacuity of mind, and enter on another state, without having once given it a serious consideration.

PASSAGES TRANSCRIBED FROM

BURNS' LETTERS.

Religion, my honoured friend, is surely a simple business, as it equally concerns the ignorant and the learned, the poor and the rich. That there is an incomprehensive Great Being, to whom I owe my existence, and that he must be intimately acquainted with the operations and progress of the internal machinery, and consequent outward deportment of this creature which he has made, these are, I think, left evident propositions. That there is a real and eternal distinction between virtue and vice, and, consequently, that I am an accountable creature; that from the seeming nature of the human mind, as well as from the evident imperfection, nay, positive injustice in the administration of affairs, both in the natural and moral world, there must be a retributive scene of existence beyond the grave, must I think, be allowed by every one, who will give himself a moments reflection. I will go farther and affirm, that from the sublimity, excellence, and purity of his doctrines and precepts, uparalleled by all the aggregated wisdom and learning of many preceding ages, though, *to appearance*, he himself was the obscurest and most illiterate of our species—therefore Jesus Christ was from God!

Whatever mitigates the woes, or increases the happiness of others, this is my criterion of goodness; and whatever injures society at large, or any individual in it....this is my measure of iniquity. What think you, madam, of my creed?

—

This world of ours, notwithstanding it has many things in it, yet it has ever had this curse, that two or three people who would be the happier the oftner they met together, are almost, without exception, always so placed as never to meet but once or twice a year, which, considering the few years of a man's life, is a very great *evil under the sun*, which I do not recollect that Solomon had mentioned in his catalogue of the miseries of man. I hope, and believe, that there is a state of existence beyond the grave, where the worthy of this life will renew their former intimacies, with this endearing addition, that *we meet to part no more!*

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....." Tell us, ye dead,
Will none of you in pity disclose the secret,
What 'tis you are, and we must shortly be!"

A thousand times have I made this apostrophe to the departed sons of men, but not one of them has ever thought fit to answer the question. " O that some courteous ghost would blab it out!" but it cannot be; you and I, my friend, must make the experiment *by ourselves* and *for ourselves*. However, I am so convinced that an unshaken faith in the doctrines of religion is not only necessary, by making us better men, but also by making us happier men, that I shall take every care that your little godson, and every little creature that shall call me father, shall be taught them. So ends this heterogenous letter, written at this wild place of the world, (Annan Water Foot, Aug. 22, 1792,) in the intervals of my labour of discharging a vessel of rum from Antigua.

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Alas, Madam! who would wish for many years! What is it but to drag existence until our joys gradually expire and leave us in a night of misery....like the gloom, which blots out the stars one by one from the face of night, and leaves us without a ray of comfort in the howling waste!

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Of all the qualities we assign to the author and director of nature, by far the most enviable is....to be able *to wipe away all tears from all eyes*. O what insignificant, sordid wretches are they, however chance may have loaded them with wealth, who go to their graves, to their magnificent *mausoleums*, with hardly the consciousness of having made one *poor honest heart* happy!

—

I do not remember, my dear Cunningham, that you and I ever talked on the subject of religion at all. I know some who laugh at it, as the trick of the crafty *few* to lead the undiscerning *many*; or, at most, as an uncertain obscurity, which mankind can never know any thing of, and with which they are fools if they give themselves much to do. Nor would I quarrel with a man for his irreligion any more than I would for his want of a musical ear. I would regret that he was shut out from what, to me and others, were such superlative sources of enjoy-

ment. It is, this point of view, and for this reason, that I will deeply imbue the mind of every child of mine with religion. If my son should happen to be a man of feeling, sentiment and taste, I shall thus add largely to his enjoyments. Let me flatter myself that this sweet little fellow, who is just now running about my desk, will be a man of a melting, ardent, glowing heart, and an imagination delighted with the painter, and rapt with the poet. Let me figure him wandering out in a sweet evening, to inhale the balmy gales and enjoy the growing luxuriance of the spring, himself the while in the blooming youth of life. He looks abroad on all nature, and through nature up to nature's God! His soul by swift delighting degrees is wrapt above this sublinary sphere, until he can be silent no longer, and burst out into the glorious enthusiasm of Thomson....

"These, as they change, Almighty Father, these
Are but the varied God. The rolling year
Is full of thee!"

And so on in all the spirit and ardour of that charming hymn. These are no ideal pleasures....they are real delights....and I ask, what of the delights among the sons of men are superior, not to say equal to them? And they have this precious vast advantage, that *conscious virtue* stamps them for *heaven*, and lays hold on them to bring herself into the presence of a witnessing, judging, and approving God!

—

There had much need be many pleasures annexed to the estates of husband and father, for, God knows, they have many peculiar cares. I cannot describe to you the anxious sleepless hours, these ties frequently give me. I see a train of helpless little folks....me and my exertions all their stay; and on what a brittle thread does the life of man hang! If I am wipt off at the command of fate...,even in all vigour of manhood, as I am....such things happen every day....gracious God! what would become of my little flock! 'Tis here that I envy your people of fortune. A father on his death bed, taking an everlasting farewell of his children, has, indeed, woe enough, but the man of competent fortune leaves his sons and daughters independency and friends....while I....but I shall run distracted if I think any longer on the subject. (His salary, as exciseman, was only 70l. a year).

—

I have nothing to say to any one as to which sect he belongs to, or what creed he believes, but I look on the man who is firmly persuaded of infinite wisdom and goodness superintending and directing every circumstance that can happen in his lot....I felicitate such a man, as having a solid foundation for his mental enjoyment, a firm prop and sure stay in the hour of difficulty, trouble and distress, and a never failing anchor of hope when he looks beyond the grave!

—

TO MRS. DUNLOP.

Brow, on the Solway Firth,

MADAM, ...12*th July*, 1796.

I have written you so often, without receiving any answer, that I would not trouble you again but for the circumstance in which I am. An illness which has long hung about me, in all probability will speedily send me beyond that *bourne whence no traveller returns*. Your friendship, with which for many years you have honoured me, was a friendship dearest to my soul. Your conversation, and especially your correspondence, were at once highly entertaining and instructive. With what pleasure did I use to break up the seal! The remembrance yet adds one pulse more to my palpitating heart. Farewell!!! R. B.

N. B. The *above letter* was supposed to be his *last* production....he died on the 21st, nine days afterwards. Peace be to his memory!

New-York,

SATURDAY, JANUARY 9, 1802.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

The following list exhibits an account of all the books, in the various departments of Literature, which have been published in the year 1801, and which are regarded as adapted to the use of Ladies.

(Continued.)

31. The Beggar Boy: a Novel. By the late Mr. Thomas Bellamy. To which are prefixed, biographical particulars of his life. By Mrs. Gooch. With a portrait. 3 vols. 12mo.

32. Bakhtyar Nameh; or, Story of Prince Bakhtyar and the ten Visiers: a series of Persian tales. From a manuscript in the collection of Sir Wm. Ousely. Royal 8vo.

33. My Uncle Thomas: a Romance. From the French of Pigault le Brun. 4 vols. 12mo.

34. The Romance of Smyrna: or, the prediction fulfilled. By Mrs. R. C. M. Yorke. Author of "the Valley of Collares," &c. &c. 4 vols. 12mo.

35. Ancient Records; or, the Abbey of Saint Oswythe: a Romance. By T. J. Horsely Curties.

36. Broomholme Priory; or, the Loves of Albert and Agnes: a Poem, in four Books. With a View of the Priory. 4to.

37. Belmour: a Novel. 3 vols. 12mo.

38. The Man of Fortitude; or, Schedoni in England. By B. Frere. 3 vols. 12mo.

39. The Runaway; or, the Seat of Benevolence. By Mr. Smith. 4 vols. 12mo.

40. Old Nick; or, a satirical story. By the Author of "a Piece of Family Biography," &c. &c. 3 vols.

41. The Mysterious Penitent; or, Norman Chateau: a Romance. 2 vols. 12mo.

42. The Castle of Eridan; or, the entertaining and surprising History of the valiant Don Alvares and the beautiful Eugenia Duchess of Savoy. By G. A. Graglia. Small 8vo.

43. Castle Rackrent; an Hibernian Tale, taken from Facts and from the Manners of the Irish Squires before the year 1782. By Maria Edgeworth. 12mo.

44. Irish Excursion; or, I fear to tell you. 4 vols 12mo.

45. The Microcosm. By the Author of "Vicissitudes of genteel Life." 3 vols. 12mo.

46. Emeline; or, the Happy Discovery: a Novel. 2 vols. 12mo.

47. The Enchantress; or, Where shall I find Her; a Tale. By the Author of "Melbourne...Delorane....Reginald," &c. 12mo.

48. The Wise Man of Gosmanthrope; a Tale.

49. The Pirate of Naples; a Novel. By Mary Charlton, Author of "Rosella, Andronica Phedora," &c. 3 vols. 12mo.

50. Salvador; or, Baron de Montbelliard. By Mrs. Crofts. 2 vols. 12mo.

51. Clara; a Tale. 2 vols. 12mo.

52. Lusignan; or, the Abbey of La Trappe; a Novel, in 4 vols. 12mo.

PHYSIC AND ANIMAL ECONOMY.

53. A Familiar Treatise on the Physical Education of Children, during the early period of their Lives; a Compendium addressed to all Mothers who are seriously concerned for the welfare of their offspring. Translated from the German of Christian Augustus Struve, M. D. &c. To which are prefixed, three Introductory Lectures on the same Subject. By A. F. M. Willich, M. D. Author of the Lectures on Diet and Regimen, &c. 1 vol. 8vo.

54. A Concise Treatise on Female Complaints, By E. Senate, M. D. 1 vol. 12mo.

(To be continued.)

The Drama.

THEATRICAL REGISTER.

'Tis with our judgments as our watches; none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own.
POPE.

January 4. This evening was presented, Shakspeare's popular tragedy of *King Richard the Third*. We are sorry to say, the inclemency of the weather prevented the attendance of many lovers of the drama. There can be no doubt but "a good house" has a powerful effect upon the performers. This is frequently too obvious, though, on this occasion, we have no reason to complain. Cooper played *Richard*. To say it was a *good performance*, would not be doing justice to his great talents. The nicety of perception, the depth of discrimination, the justness of delineation; the magnitude of ability, and the brilliant traits of genius, which he displayed through the whole performance, entitle him to our warmest encomiums, whilst they must fix him as high in the favour of the public. In the scene with Lady Anne, he presented us with the highest finished performance of which the modern drama can boast; here we perceived all the wiles and artful insinuations of the crafty tyrant, in the fullest perfection. His tent scene was a master piece of acting; the soliloquy on sleep, admirably delivered; his agitation during his visions strikingly characteristical; and his start off the couch, and subsequent exclamations, operated like an electric shock upon the whole house. His voice, indeed, was rather too feeble for the more boisterous parts; but we are not among the number of those who admire rant, and noisy declamation, in preference to chaste acting. Richard is a character of that nature which, if sustained with a proper degree of spirit in the first scenes, precludes the possibility of the voice of the representative being unimpaired towards the close of the play. Cibber was fully aware of this fact, when he was altering the piece for representation, and judiciously introduced the exclamation,

"Richard is *hoarse* with daring thee to arms!"

Mr. Cooper's correct judgment, and the energy of his genius, has enabled him to raise himself high in the estimation of all admirers of good acting.

The unfortunate *Henry* had an able representative in Mr. Tyler. His entire performance was full of feeling and spirit. The entertainment was *The Double Disguise; or, The Irish Chamber Maid.*

January 6. *Abellino, the Great Bandit;* and *Robinson Crusoe; or, Harlequin Friday.*

January 8. This evening was presented, a new comedy, called *The Poor Gentleman.* The principal characters in which, were cast as follows:

Lieutenant Worthington, *Mr. Tyler.*
Corporal Foss, ... *Mr. Martin.*
Sir Charles Cropland, . *Mr. Hallam jun.*
Sir Robert Bramble, . *Mr. Jefferson.*
Humphrey Dobbins, . *Mr. Hogg.*
Farmer Harrowby, . . *Mr. Hallam.*
Stephen Harrowby, . . *Mr. Wilmot.*
Ollapod, ... *Mr. Hodgkinson.*
Frederick, ... *Mr. Cooper.*
Emily Worthington, *Mrs. Hodgkinson.*
Miss Lucretia Mac Tab *Mrs. Hogg.*
Dame Harrowby, . . *Mrs. Simpson.*

This piece is the production of Mr. Colman, and indeed has a considerable resemblance to his former pieces in the general style of the characters, the turn of the sentiments, the nature of the incidents, and the point of the dialogue. Without detailing the plot in its several circumstances, it may be sufficient to remark that the business of the pieces arises out of the distresses of the *Poor Gentleman*, his introduction to *Sir Robert Bramble* and his nephew, and concludes with the marriage of his daughter to *Frederick Bramble*, and his consequent relief from poverty and suffering.

In the conduct of this plot there is a general deficiency of interest, and the attention of the audience is throughout too often directed to subordinate circumstances and inferior persons, while the final result of the piece is not rendered sufficiently prominent. If deficient, however, in strength of interest, this deficiency is amply made up in a succession of incidents which, while they all tend to the developement of the plot, seem to afford amusement in the absence of more important business.... though not of that complicated nature, which never, for a moment, suffer curiosity to be suspended, they bestow that degree of pleasure which is to be derived from broad mirth and coarse humour. Many of the scenes are highly comic; and of the situations, some are not destitute of that kind of embarrassment which at once produces surprise and affords entertainment. The characters are in general drawn with considerable spirit; and though none of them have the merit of originality, they possess a degree of novelty which is comparatively respectable. The *Poor Gentleman* is a brave soldier; who, after being severely wounded at the siege of Gibraltar, retires on half pay, and his character exhibits a picture of the warmest loyalty, and the most pure honour; and his attendant, the *Corporal*, is no bad representative of the well-known Corporal Trim. *Ollapod*, the apothecary, is a very entertaining character, combining in his manners the habits of his profession, and those of an officer in a corps of volunteer cavalry; and *Sir Robert Bramble* is an amusing picture of an old-fashioned baronet who detests flattery and loves contradiction. The other characters are not striking....they are the mere copies of what have been imitated a thousand times before. Of the sentiments we shall only remark, that they are generous and manly, breathing a spirit of the most enlarged and liberal philosophy. The dialogue is similar to what prevails in the author's other pieces; possessing no claim to chasteness, terseness, or energy. It is distinguished by frequent puns and quibbles, and by them, more than true humour, it excites laughter and affords amusement.

Most of the actors exerted themselves to considerable advantage, and several of them were more than usually happy in their efforts.

MARRIED,

On Friday evening, by the Rev. Dr. Rodgers, Mr. Edward I. Schieffelin, son of Jacob Schieffelin, Druggist of this city, to the amiable Miss Ann Susan Stewart, daughter of Alexander Stewart, Merchant.

In Liberty County, Georgia, John Lawson, Esq. to Miss Eliza Farrer.

At Hartford, on Wednesday evening, the 31st ult. Mr. Thomas Glover, merchant, of that city, to Miss Wealthy Ann Morgan, daughter of John Morgan, Esq. of that place.

On the 27th, Mr. John Russ, merchant, to Miss Sally Dodd.

At Enfield, (Con.) Mr. Elisha Kibbe, aged 70 years, to Miss Polly Ayres, aged 20 years.

DIED,

At Ryerssburgh (Staten Island), on the evening of the 6th instant, Gozen Ryerss, Esq. first judge of the county of Richmond.

At Bethlehem, (Pen.) on the 2d inst. after a short sickness of four days, the Rev. John Ettwein, Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church of Unitas Fratrum, or the United Brethren, in the 81st year of his age.

At Hartford, Mr. John Calder, aged 60 years.

PRINTING,

In all its various branches, executed at this Office, with neatness, accuracy, and dispatch.

Parnassian Garland.

THE POWER OF INNOCENCE.

The blooming damsel, whose defence
Is adamantine innocence,
Requires no guardian to attend
Her steps, for Modesty's her friend.
Tho' her fair arms are weak to wield
The glitt'ring spear and massy shield,
Yet, safe from force and fraud combin'd,
She is an Amazon in mind.

With this artillery she goes,
Not only 'mongst the harmless beaux,
But e'en unhurt, and undismay'd,
Views the long sword, and fierce cockade.
'Tho' all a Syren as she talks,
'Tho' all a goddess as she walks,
Yet Decency each motion guides,
And Wisdom o'er her tongue presides.

Place her in Russia's snowy plains,
Where a perpetual winter reigns;
The elements may rave and range,
Yet her fix'd mind will never change.
Place her, ambition, in thy towers,
'Mongst the more dang'rous golden showers,
Ev'n there she'd spurn the venal tribe,
And fold her arms against the bribe.

Leave her defenceless, and alone,
A pris'ner in the torrid zone,
The sunshine there might vainly vie
With the bright lustre of her eye.
But Phœbus self, with all his fire,
Could ne'er one dubious thought inspire,
But virtue's path would quick prefer,
"Be wise, ye fair! and copy her."

AN ODE TO A PRETTY MILLINER.

BY PETER PINDAR, ESQ.

O nymph, with band-box tripping on so sweet,
For love's sake, stay those pretty tripping feet,
Join'd to an ancle, form'd all hearts to steal,
That ancle to the neatest leg united,
Perhaps, with which I should be much delighted,
For men by little matters guess a deal.

Love lent thee lips, and lent that bloom divine,
But, dearest damsel, what can make them mine?
Heav'n rests upon those heaving hills of snow;
The fascinating dimple in thy chin;
In short, thy charms without, and charms within,
Speak! are they purchasable? aye, or no?

Thou seest my soul wild staring from my eyes;
Let me not burst in ignorance, fair maid;
Why showest thou, O peerless nymph, surprise
I am no wolf to eat thee, why afraid?

O could I gain by gold those heav'nly charms!
Could gold once give thee to my eager arms,
Lo, into guineas would I coin my heart,
Those would I pour full well into thy lap,
With thee to wake to love, and then to nap,
Then wake again, again to sleep depart.

All happy circled in thy arms of bliss;
To snatch, with riot wild, thy burning kiss;
A kiss! a thousand kisses let me add;
Ten thousand from thy unexhausted mint,
And then ten thousand of my own imprint,
Speak, tempting Syren, to a swain stark mad.

Heav'ns! o'er thy cheek how deep the crimson glows,
And spreads upon thy breast of purest snows!
Why mute, my angel! thou disdain'st reply!
'S death! what a cuckoo, what a rogue am I.

O Nymph, so sweet, forgive my wild desires;
That knave, thy band box, wak'd my lawless fires,
Bade me respect what Chastity reveres;—
What will wipe out the affront, O Virgin, speak.
That flush'd the rose of virtue on thy cheek,
Chill'd thy young heart, and dash'd thine eye with tears?

Go, guard that honour which I deem'd departed—
O yield thy beauties to some swain kind hearted,
Whose soul congenial shall with thine unite,
And love allow no respite from delight.

LOVE RENEWED,

A SONNET.

Light fly the hours, attendant joy,
Gay mirth, and every sweet employ,
Chasing the short-liv'd moments prove
The blissful state of glowing love.

New to the heart, the youthful Fair,
First learns to feel a tenderer care;
A fond solicitude which says,
How poor the calm of former days!

Then hope and fear, alternate reign,
Transition of delight and pain;
That dear distress, that charming strife,
Which interests every scene of life:

That cheek suffus'd the downcast brow,
The sigh escap'd we know not how;
The soft rebuke, th' unwilling blame,
Triumphant Nature all proclaim.

Sweet is the Passion thus pursu'd,
But sweeter far is Love Renew'd
That Love, which, when the bosom thrill'd,
Suspense the icy hand hath chill'd;

Hath doom'd to sit the mournful day,
And weep the ling'ring time away;
The heart's best prospects, once so fair,
Chang'd in an instant to despair.—

How hard! to view the budding Rose
In Life's glad morn its sweets disclose;
Then in the fond expectant hour,
To lose the lovely yielding flow'r.

How sweet! when hope was scarce alive,
To see that hour again revive;
The long-lost Rose once more to view,
With ripen'd fragrance bloom anew;

Then Love, with soft-ey'd Pity blends.
Then, Mem'ry all her aid extends;
Past sorrow, heightens present joy,
And rapture lives without alloy. ARLEY.

SONNET. TO MAY.

In vain, soft May, thy fragrant flowers blow;
In vain, thy feather'd minstrels pour the strain
Of praise and love.—I wretched, still remain
The child of suff'rance, and the prey of woe!
The *faint* Narcissus, and the musky rose,
I've often woo'd to my delighted breast;
The primrose, and the vi'let too, I chose,
And in one nosegay all their sweets compress'd.
The lark's wild hymn, the linnet's artless lay,
Oft "tun'd to ecstacy" my youthful heart!
But now!—thy blossoms, and thy birds, soft May,
To this sad breast no rapture can impart!
Melissa's frown, thy gentle pow'r controul,
And spread the clouds of Winter o'er my soul.
BENEDICT.

SONNET. TO MELISSA'S LIPS.

Dear balmy lips of her who holds my heart
In the soft bondage of a love sincere!
Dear balmy lips! your cherub smiles impart
To your adoring suppliant's earnest pray'r.
Not the fresh rose-bud, charg'd with vernal dew,
Nor the warm crimson of the blushing morn,
Nor the gay blossoms of the summer thorn,
Are half so glowing, or so sweet as you!
Dear lips!—permit *my trembling lips* to press
Your ripen'd softness in a tender kiss:
And, while my throbbing heart avows the bliss,
Will you.....(dear lips!) the eager stranger bless?
"Ah, fond request!"—the beauteous owner cries
"Cease, wayward youth!—whoever touches, dies!"
BENEDICT.

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